and now and then sang a duet or trio to the guitar accompaniment of one of the gentlemen. Hard by, Henry Morrison was seated with a gentleman friend, quietly enjoying the hour and its associations, while a little farther down the piazza, George Clavers paced deliberately to and fro, with an assumed air of composure, but evidently much agitated. At last he continued his walk until it brought him up to Clara's party, on the other end of the piazza, and after exchanging a few words with the other ladies, he addressed her. Of course, Henry Morrison's eyes were upon him, and to his astonishment he saw Clara's reserve and even partial repulse of his advance, which induced him at once to observe more closely, and of course he could not but overhear the conversation which immediately ensued :

"You must not be afraid of me, Miss Howard."

"I am not *afraid* of you, certainly, sir."

"It is evident, by your treatment of me this morning, that you designed to put upon me some insult."

"Sir!" exclaimed the lady, terrified by his unmannerly conduct.

"And I desire to say that I consider you no better than a confirmed coquette, and that—"

"You need say no more," exclaimed Henry Morrison, seizing the young Englishman by the throat, as though he had been a mere child, and literally preventing him from articulating, while Clara, outraged by being thus insulted and mortified, burst into tears.

Drawing Mr. Clavers after him by force, young Morrison, when he found himself out of the immediate presence of the ladies, said :

"You have grossly insulted a lady, sir, and in my presence. Now, sir, you may do such things in England with impunity, perhaps, but not here. I give you a moment to choose : meet me by sunrise to-morrow, prepared to defend yourself, or I will cowhide you within the twenty-four hours following!"

At first, trembling from the violence he had already received at the hands of the athletic young Southerner, George Clavers was hardly able to speak at all, but soon becoming re-assured by the arrival of one or two particular friends, he gained his self-possession so far as to say that his "friend" should meet Mr. Morrison's "friend" (meaning his second), within the hour.

"He's a tremendous shot, Morrison," said his second to him, after all was arranged, "and I am really afraid will pick you off."

"Perhaps so," said his principal, coolly, dashing off a brief letter for home—to be sent, providing he lost his life in the meeting.

"I hope you are in practice, Morrison ?"

"Tolerably so, I've not done much with my pistols lately."

He arranged some other small matters, and was preparing to retire, when a servant knocked, and handed him the following note :

"My dear Sir :—Excuse the seeming indelicacy of my addressing you, but I am told that it is possible that something serious may grow out of your manly interposition in my behalf this evening, and I want very much to see you for a moment, if it is convenient. I will be in the garden end of the parlor directly.

Clara Howard."

A glow of pleasure ran through the veins of Henry Morrison as he read this note, and hastily arranging his affairs, he hurried to the appointed spot, where Clara soon joined him. A change had come over her—there seemed to be a difference in her very attitude. Her hair, dispelled of its curls, was parted smoothly from her beautiful brow, in simple elegance ; she was robed in a loose dress, having evidently prepared to retire, and found it impossible to do so until she had relieved her anxiety with regard to this affair. Henry thought he had never seen her look one half so lovely, and when she came and frankly gave him her little hand, he could not help retaining it for one moment, while he looked tenderly into the blue depths of her large brilliant eyes.

"O, Clara Howard," he exclaimed, involuntarily, "if you but knew how this true and honest mien, this lovely simplicity of manner, became you, you would never again cater for the vulgar tastes of those who love to flatter you !"

For a moment her eyes rested on the floor, while she realized the half censure, and yet the unbounded admiration that his words implied. Gently withdrawing her hand, she took the chair he drew for her, and as he sat by her side she said :

"O, I hope, Mr. Morrison, that you will not pursue this matter any further. I am sure I should be very wretched if you should be harmed in my behalf, or even if *he* should be injured on my account."

"Never fear, Miss Howard ; such dastardly conduct deserves summary punishment ; but you may sleep sweetly, for there is no danger."

"O, thank you, thank you," she said, cheerfully, not observing the shadows that crossed young Morrison's face at the idea of deceiving her ; "but, perhaps, I should explain to you the first cause of my disagreement with Mr. Clavers."

"If you please."

"Well, this morning, as you passed, he remarked, 'there goes that *stupid* fellow, Morrison.' Now, I never thought you *stupid*, Mr. Morrison, though, I have thought you loved to plague me a *little*," she said, archly ; "and I blamed him for saying so, and perhaps reflected a little in my remarks upon him as it regarded your relative degrees of intelligence. This caused him to make an ungentlemanly remark, and I left him at once ; we did not meet again until this evening."

"So, dear Miss Clara, half your annoyance was incurred in my behalf!" said Henry Morrison, taking her yielding hand. "Ah! Clara, I do not ask of you any rash promise, any hasty vow, but let us part dear good friends to-night—shall we not ?"

"Indeed, indeed, yes," answered the beautiful girl, blushing deeply.

Henry Morrison pressed her hand tenderly to his lips, and they separated. The reader will remember that Clara had already learned to estimate him, and more impressed by an evidence so marked of his manliness, she really felt how much he was the superior of those hosts of flatterers who thronged about her. As to Henry Morrison, when he again reached his room he wrote another letter, the delivery of which was contingent upon his death on the following morning—this note was addressed to Miss Clara Howard.

As the sun broke in the eastern horizon on the following morning, a party of five gentlemen, in two boats, reached the south shore of Saratoga Lake, and, landing, proceeded at once to the arrangements preliminary to a deadly meeting. The ground was measured off, after an understanding between the seconds ; the surgeon took his stand with his instruments coolly displayed upon his case, ready for instant use, and all arrangements having been finished, the seconds asked their principals whether the matter could not be arranged. The Englishman, though pale as death, replied : "Not unless Mr. Morrison gives me a full and ample apology." Henry Morrison said :

"Mr. Clavers, I prefer to address you a few words rather than to speak to your second. If you are a man of honor, you will in a cool moment see that I did what any gentleman must have done. I hear that you are an admirable shot ; behold, sir, hither comes a sparrow with the morning light."

As he spoke, a tiny ground-sparrow sailed over their heads, a mere speck as it were, but Henry Morrison raising his weapon, with a steady quick aim, shot it through with his pistol ball, so that its feathers and mangled body fell at the Englishman's very feet !

"Now, sir, you can easily judge whether I am accustomed to miss my aim, or whether I should be likely to dwell long enough upon it to permit you to take my life, at any rate before I was sure of yours. I am ready, sir, to give you a chance for your life. Sign this paper, sir, and you are free—refuse, and you probably die within sixty seconds !"

"I—I—will—sign," stammered the trembling miscreant.

"Pen and ink here, have we got them ?" asked Henry Morrison, hastily.

The surgeon was supplied, and reading the paper with a sickening heart, George Clavers signed it with a trembling hand, and with eyes upon the ground, and an abashed countenance, hastily crossed the lake with his party, and, seeking the hotel, was on his way from Saratoga before the regular breakfast hour.

The paper was neatly folded and sealed. It was addressed and read thus :

"Miss Clara Howard :—With shame I acknowledge the ungentlemanly character of my intentions towards yourself, and hereby most humbly beg your forgiveness and pardon for the gross insult which I offered you in the presence of your friends, last evening. Most respectfully, George Clavers."

Every particular of the affair was as well known to the people of the town and the hotel the next day at noon, as it was to the seconds themselves, and the professed friends of George Clavers were fain to give him up, and acknowledge his cowardice and want of gentlemanly breeding.

How could there be but one sequel to such a story ? The close of the summer saw Clara Howard, the belle of the season, Henry Morrison's wife !

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE MIDNIGHT STORM.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

Jehovah is abroad!
His white wings sweep the earth with living flame;
The cloud-built arches of the midnight heaven
Echo his mighty name:
Now pealing overhead—
Now far and faintly in the distance dying,
The deep-voiced thunder rolls among the hills
That fold it in, and with low tones replying,
Worship the presence of the great I AM;
And, in their praises, they are not alone,
For, as the storm dies silently away,
A gush of music meets the rising morn,
From some glad bird upon a neighboring spray,
Whose heart is raised in song as mine goes forth to pray.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters ?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat tremblingly upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress. But now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were all alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob ? Who is there to help us now ?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling finger towards heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend ; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want ; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. O, of all the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I can see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy ; but, alas ! there is a *present* upon which we must look—there is a *reality* upon which we must dwell. *We must beg for food, or starve!*"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"*Beg!*" he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob ?"

"We are going to the poor-house !"

"O, God ! I thought so !" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought ; but my poor heart will not bear it !"

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when—shall we go ?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy on us !"

"He will," murmured Jacob.

That old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts it was by the stopping of a wagon in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the selectmen have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The wagon is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back in his seat.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the keeper.

At that moment a heavy covered carryall drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred ?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carryall. He was a kind-looking man, about forty years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the alms-house ?" he continued, turning towards the keeper.

"Yes."

"And are you after these people ?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The keeper gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then he left the house.

"Don't you remember me ?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams ?"

"Williams ?" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction ; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter and brighter ever since. With an affluence for life I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such of good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and your bereavements. I know that the children of your own flesh are all gone, but I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. Come, my more than father—and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

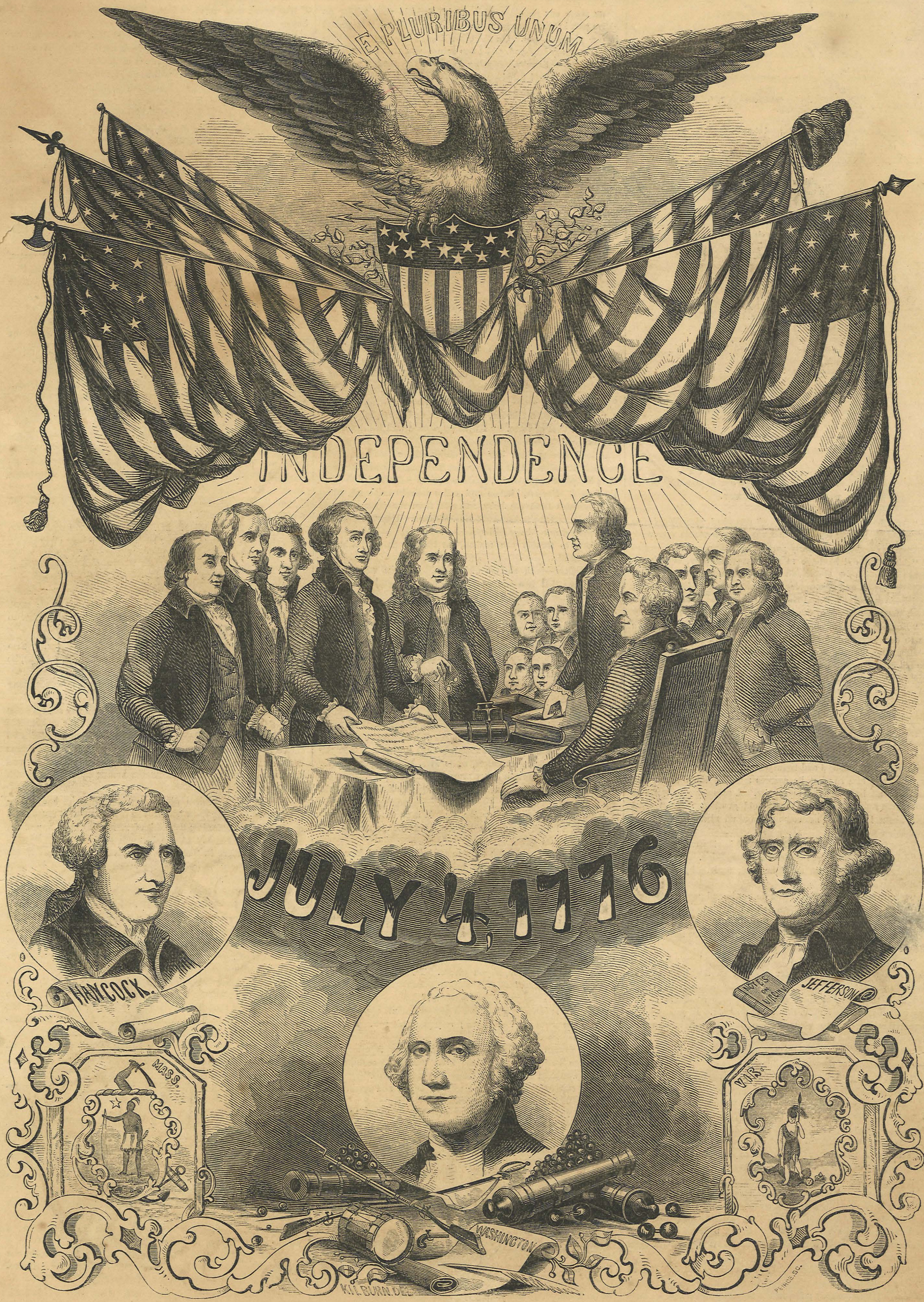
"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me !"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive,—God holds us in his hand."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again !"

ADAMS
FANEUIL HALL-1776
OTIS
LIBERTY
CONCORD
LEXINGTON
KILBURN DEL
HALL of INDEPENDENCE in 1776
PIERSON. S


E PLURIBUS UNUM
INDEPENDENCE
JULY 4, 1776
HANCOCK.
JEFFERSON
MASS.
VIR.
WASHINGTON
KILBURN. DEL.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MADALINE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Come, wildbirds, from your twilight bowers,
Sing for her while I weep;
Pale, underneath the churchyard flowers,
Lies Madaline, asleep.

Her golden hair, in twisted strands,
Is simply wound away,
And meekly crossed her little hands—
I kissed them yesterday.

The moon is rising, round and bright,
And down the willows green,
Drops tenderly her weeping light,
For sweetest Madaline.

She died ere came a single cloud
Her blooming grace to chill;
I saw her in her dainty shroud,
And she was lovely still.

I hear the owlet's cry between
The woodland and the fen,
I've heard it oft with Madaline—
'Twas not so mournful then.

And from our lonesome cabin door,
I hear the watch-dog's bay—
'Twas only yesterday they bore
My Madaline away!

All pale beneath the churchyard flowers
She sleeps, and will not wake;
Come, wildbirds, from your twilight bowers,
And sing for her sweet sake.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RAISING THE RENT.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"Our landlord called in to-day," remarked Mrs. Wilkins to her husband, as they seated themselves at the tea-table one cold, blustering evening in the early part of February.

"Ah! what did he have to say?" was the reply, as with evident satisfaction the gentleman removed the cover of the dish opposite to him and contemplated the nicely-prepared oyster stew, which his attentive wife had rightly judged would be an acceptable treat after the fatigues of the day.

"Nothing very agreeable, Henry. He made the usual inquiries as to our intentions for the coming season, and also informed us—after a long preamble concerning good tenants, great desire to do all in his power for our comfort, difficulty in raising ready money for repairs, high taxes, etc., etc—that he should be obliged to ask more rent for the next year."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Wilkins, "I expected as much. Rents are to be very high this spring. But it is unwise to risk losing a good tenant for a trifling advantage. How much more does he demand?"

"Twenty-five dollars. We now pay two hundred, and he wishes for two hundred and twenty-five. The house is not worth it, and I told him so; but he assures me that the difference in rent will all be expended in repairs. A mean way to make an old tenant repair the house; but the old gentleman seems quite stiff about it, and did not come down at all when I spoke of our probable removal."

For a few moments Mr. Wilkins mused in silence.

"I hardly think it worth while to remove, Ellen. We are comfortably settled where we are," he said, at length, in rather a doubting voice.

"Not move! Why, surely you do not intend paying two hundred and twenty-five. We often find it difficult to raise two hundred," exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins. "If we have got to pay more, do let us seek a more desirable residence. There are many things which render this an unpleasant location."

"Why, Ellen, I am sure we have been very happy here, and the children never enjoyed better health than they have for the last two years."

"That may be; but there are other places as healthy. For my part, I would never submit to imposition. If you pay two hundred and twenty-five without complaint, you will be expected to pay two hundred and fifty next year."

"But think of the trouble of moving, the fatigue and confusion—to say nothing of the expense."

"I am willing to bear the trouble and fatigue, Henry, rather than have you pay so heavy a rent."

"But I doubt if we find a removal any more economical, Ellen. I am inclined to think that we should save money to stay where we are."

"And pay the landlord twenty-five dollars! Impossible! It will not cost five to move, and the expense of house-cleaning would nearly equal that."

"You will have to clean house at any rate, removal or not."

"By no means; we will look for a new house. There are an abundance of neat, little cottages lately erected. Only think how delightful to leave all the dirt behind us, and have everything new and clean; and I am confident that it will be more economical. Take my advice, and tell the landlord that he may put a bill upon the house at once."

"I can do so, Ellen, if you desire it, but I am still doubtful as to its expediency. I am somewhat more familiar with the horrors of moving than you are; for, in the only removal which we have made since our marriage, your health forbade your taking an active part in what was going on, and your early life was passed in one pleasant spot. On the other hand, I have been a rolling-stone from my boyhood, and I can assure you that I have gathered no moss thereby. Moving is to me but another name for fatigue of body and mind—real vexation of spirit."

Mrs. Wilkins smiled pleasantly, but with an incredulous air. She had told the landlord they should leave if the rent was raised; and this point once settled in her mind, she was not disposed to admit any difficulties. The idea of quietly paying twenty-five dollars was preposterous.

So the bill informing the neighbors and the passers-by that the convenient little house occupied by Mr. Wilkins was *to let*, was duly placed in a conspicuous position and soon attracted considerable attention.

Poor Mrs. Wilkins! This was the beginning of trouble. The baby was cutting his eye-teeth—a trying period, which will call forth the sympathy of mothers and nurses. The whole stock of nursery lore had been exhausted, and steps and figures rivalling those of the most agile French dancing-master, had been executed in that little room. These efforts were at length successful—the weary infant slept. The mother's voice was hushed to a whisper, as she patiently told story after story, to keep the second child quiet, while one still older, and perhaps even more restless, was bribed into the most mouse-like movement by the promise of a walk to grandfather's in the afternoon.

All was prospering, when a loud peal at the bell absolutely thrilled Mrs. Wilkins's frame with horror. Poor baby moaned and half-opened his eyes; but there was still a chance that he might again be soothed to slumber, when the door opened hastily, and Jenny, with dish-towel in her hand, appeared.

"Folks to see the house, ma'am," she exclaimed, in rather an unamiable tone of voice. "I wish they could wait till the dishes are washed."

A loud scream from baby, and an involuntary groan from the mother, interrupted Miss Jenny, who, being maid of all work, now took her place at the cradle, while her mistress descended to show the house. Parlors, kitchen and cellar must be inspected, while loud screams from the baby, and calls from the other children, almost distracted the distressed Mrs. Wilkins. Upper rooms were next peeped into; baby still screamed.

"Sorry to trouble you, ma'am, but how are the closets in this apartment?"

"Excellent—both shelves and hooks," was the reply, with a secret hope that it would not be deemed necessary to examine them; but the gentleman and lady had already advanced into the room.

"Ceiling rather low—sick child, ma'am?—pretty good size, however—open fireplace!—a fine little boy—what rent did you say you paid, Mrs. Wilkins?"

"Two hundred, sir, but the landlord has raised twenty-five dollars. Step this way, and I will show you the smaller rooms."

"Thank you; that is sufficient. Good morning. Much obliged for the trouble you have taken. We will look a little further, and then decide."

The door closed on the house-hunters, and Mrs. Wilkins returned to the children, and Jenny to the dishes. A short interval of peace, and again the bell sounded through the house. The eldest boy answered the summons, while Mrs. Wilkins peeped over the banisters to ascertain if her presence was necessary.

"What's the rent?" asked a sharp, high-pitched voice, as the child opened the door.

"Two hundred and twenty-five, sir. It is on the bill."

"Humph! high enough for the size," was the ejaculation, and the inquirer was gone.

"I am so glad he did not want to see it," exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins. "Washing day, and the baby sick. I have a great mind to take the bill down and put it up again to-morrow."

But this was not allowable; and even as the lady spoke, as she accidentally glanced from the window, her eye rested on another group surveying the house with apparent interest. In another moment they were ascending the steps, and once more the sound of the bell was heard.

"Can we see the house?"

"Certainly; walk in, if you please. These are the parlors; very pleasant rooms."

"Quite so. Have you a good kitchen?"

"Very. It is washing-day, but if you will excuse appearances."

"Do not mention it. Ah, yes; very good kitchen. No wash-room, I suppose."

"No, ma'am," replied Jenny, who, with rosy face and bare arms, was busily engaged at the tub. "No wash-room, or the kitchen would be looking a bit tidier for yer ladyships."

"No consequence," was the smiling reply, and again upper rooms were visited and commented upon.

Another ring, but this time it was a friend. Baby was sleeping, and children busy at play. A quiet chat would have been pleasant, but, alas! the house was to let; and three or four times during that friendly call, poor Mrs. Wilkins was called to the door to answer various inquiries, and once was obliged to show the whole house.

"A troublesome business," she exclaimed, as she re-entered the apartment where her friend still awaited her.

"Very," was the feeling answer. "There are few things more trying. But I trust that this part of your trial will soon be over. The house is a desirable one, and will soon be taken. But there are many other vexations to be endured before you will be settled in a new home."

"I dread nothing but this," replied Mrs. Wilkins. "If the house is once let, I am willing to go through the rest."

The happy time came at last. The bill had disappeared; the house was taken.

"Now we shall have a little peace," said Mrs. Wilkins to her husband; "and if you like, I will look out for a suitable house for ourselves, as your time is so much occupied."

"Do so, if you please. It will be a relief to me."

Two or three hours of every day were, therefore, devoted to house-hunting; and each time, Mrs. Wilkins returned, weary and discouraged, to sigh over her neglected children, untidy house and piles of untouched spring sewing, which loudly called for attention. But at length a suitable tenement was found, rent two hundred, good yard, well-finished house; or, more properly speaking, a house which would be well-finished, for it was not yet completed.

"So much better than the one we are living in!" exclaimed the elated Mrs. Wilkins. "I am so delighted that we decided to move. You must step round and see it this evening, my dear. I know it will suit you."

"I am glad that you have been so successful," replied the husband.

"Such a pretty situation, Henry. A fine view of the water, which is what I enjoy, of all things. Well, now, we may consider our troubles as pretty much over. This house is let, and another one found."

A ring at the door interrupted her.

"Upper part of this house to let, sir?"

"No, madam. The whole house was let nearly two weeks since."

"The bill states that the upper part is to let."

"The bill, madam!"

"Yes, sir. Step out, if you please;" and a brief inspection showed to the astonished Mr. Wilkins, that another bill was upon the house, containing the information that the "upper part was to let."

The horror of Mrs. Wilkins was extreme. To pass again through the trial from which she had just supposed herself happily freed, was not to be thought of. Her husband must go to the landlord at once, and see what could be done. With considerable anxiety, she awaited his return.

"Well, Henry," she exclaimed, as he entered, "must the bill remain upon the house?"

"It must, indeed, Ellen. Mr. Wyatt has let the whole house, to be sure, but he gave the new tenant the privilege of re-letting the upper part, and agreed that the bill should be put up before the first of May."

"Quite an unwarrantable liberty, in my opinion."

"Perhaps so; but we have no redress. It is one of the thousand evils attendant upon a change of residence, and we must bear it patiently. Put certain hours upon the bill, and refuse to admit visitors at any other time."

"That will make it less difficult," replied Mrs. Wilkins. "Two hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon will, perhaps, be sufficient."

"Ample. It is an unpleasant business, but you must get along with it as well as you can."

Naming the hours did but little good, for there was always some pretext for ringing the bell; and then perhaps the unfortunate house-hunter had come such a long distance, and would take it as such a special favor, if she could take the least peep at the rooms without the trouble of coming again, that poor Mrs. Wilkins was frequently persuaded to inconvenience herself by complying with the request.

However, it made less difference now, for baby had got so accustomed to being disturbed, that he did not mind it much; and seemed to have quite lost the habit of taking any good nap at all, and at the least sound of the bell was ready to accompany his mother and callers in their tour through the upper part of the house. Patient efforts were again successful, and the bill once more disappeared.

There was now a little respite. The new house was secured, and Mr. Wilkins declared himself well satisfied with his wife's selection. It certainly was a subject for congratulation, that, as there was no other family to consult, they could move before May-day; for the initiated in these matters are well acquainted with the horrors of *moving out* and *moving in*—dirty house, rainy day, exorbitant carmen, etc., etc.

But then there were some difficulties even in a new dwelling. Such delay in giving the finishing touches. There was a positive promise that all should be ready by the third week in April; but the second week had now commenced, and there was little prospect that the promise would be fulfilled.

"Plastering not finished yet," remarked Mr. Wilkins, as he took his place at the table, after a visit of inspection at the new residence.

"Not done yet!" was the reply. "That is not very encouraging; but I suppose when they really get to work, it will not take long. No doubt the landlord will fulfil his agreement."

"But the walls will be so damp. I am fearful that you or the children will suffer. We must delay moving as long as possible."

"We have promised to vacate this house at least three or four days before the first of May, Henry."

"I know we have; but if the promises which are made us are not kept, we cannot keep those which we make to other people."

"A poor rule," returned Mrs. Wilkins, laughingly. "I think there will be little danger of taking cold, if good fires are made throughout the house; and it will be so much more convenient to remove by the first of the last week in April."

"Much more convenient and much less expensive, also, for the carmen charge the most extravagant prices on May-day. Nevertheless, I would not willingly risk your health."

"And you will not, with proper care. I am not at all alarmed.